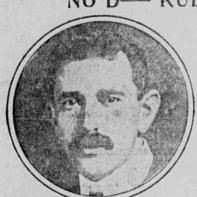
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### "NO D- RUBBER STAMP."



Comptroller Metz, whose vocabulary seems equal to the demands on it, says that he is "no d-

> "I insist upon my right to investigate every matter on which I am called upon to vote," says the Comptroller, "whether it be a proposed franchise or a matter of seemingly little importance."

rubber stamp and nobody's clerk."

Bravo! This is the best possible platform for a public official. Among city departments the Comp-

H A Metz Comptroller troller's office is the place of places for an inquiring spirit and a disputatious mind. An efficient Comptroller should be an animated question mark, and the extent to which he gains the reputation of being a crank is ordinarily the measure of his usefulness to the community.

The season is opportune also for the adoption of the "no rubber stamp" idea in other quarters. There are the new subway contracts to be let; it is decidedly not a time for rubber stamps in rapid transit matters.

There are the pier leases to be adjusted to retain the ocean-carrying trade, the Steinway tunnel grab to be investigated, the Connecting Railway franchise to be disposed of, the new bridges to be forwarded, the bridge terminal loops, the question of additional telephone franchises, the Union ferry scheme and a score of other important projects involving millions to which the city is committed or about to commit itself.

It is not a time for any official to "sit like a dummy and vote on matters he does not understand."

### THIRTY-FIVE LOST YEARS.

William Kelly, a life convict from New York pardoned by Gov. Higgins this week, has been behind the bars for thirty-five years. He is now eighty-five.

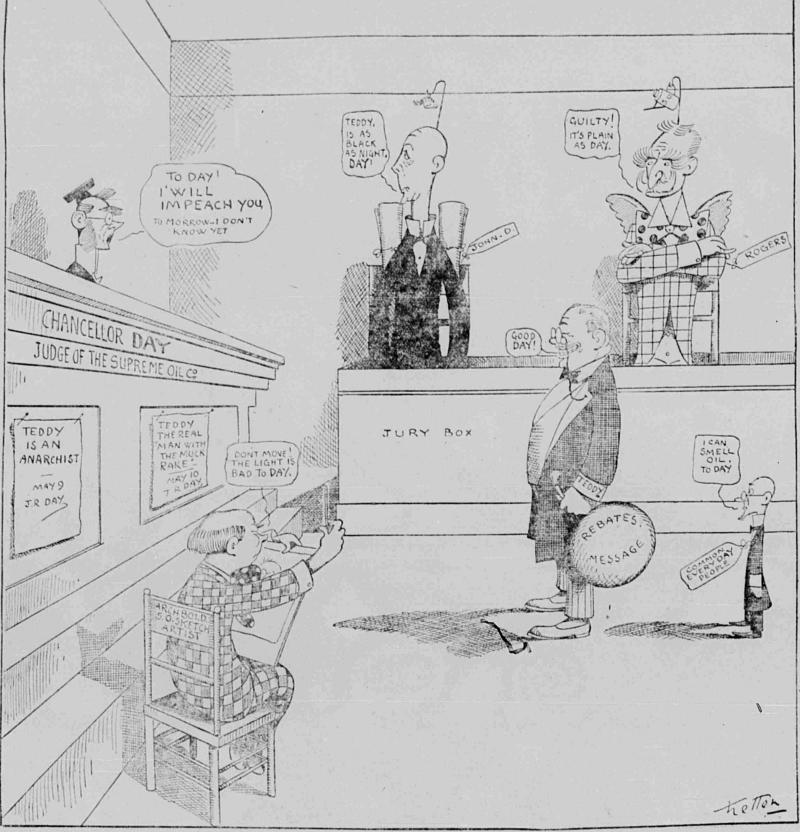
Thirty-five lost years, more than the whole span of life of many of the world's greatest men! In that time Alexander had conquered two continents and been dead more than a year. Hannibal had won Cannae, Clive made himself master of India, Luther defied the Pope, Byron, Keats and Burns won imperishable fame.

When Kelly entered Sing Sing he left New York brick and brownstone. He returns to find it steel and marble. They were just digging for the foundations of Brooklyn Bridge. The first trolley car was yet to run, the first telephone bell to ring, the first arc light to sputter. The typewriter was uncreated, the business woman unborn, Twenty-third street was "uptown." The skyscraper was undreamed of.

It is a wonderful transformation to which Kelly is suddenly introduced. When Libbie Garrabrant emerged from her thirty-four years' prison seclusion last December the trolley car amazed her most. The pathetic feature of her liberty was that she found the world a wilderness in which she was without a friend. Has Kelly, at eighty-five, the solace of human companionship to look forward to? Will he wish himself back behind the bars, like Dickens's character? 

# A Busy "Day."

By Maurice Ketten.



## Jays the HIGH-BROW:

By Martin Green.

44 00 bad!" mourned the Low-Brow. "Here's John D. Rockefeller, jr.'s, club-house closed because he can't get young men to kick in and enjoy themselves there."

"Can you blame 'em?" asked the High-Brow. "It was certainly a hilarious club-house, with one pool-table, a checker-board and an icecream freezer inviting the members to cut loose and make the place look like home is not. The gymnasium was a commodious apartment. They couldn't hang a punching-bag in it without taking a chance of breaking the windows. Young Mr. Rockefeller's intentions are good, but as a clubhouse promoter he is in the maiden class, and it doesn't look like he would ever get out.

"Another thing that tended to keep the members of the Rockefeller club among those absent was the conviction on their part that John D., jr., is a tight-wad. It is currently reported in Bible-class circles that he is a charter member of the Waste Not, Want Not Association. The membership in this aggregation of coppered spendthrifts is confined to people who have so much that they are afraid if they let go of anything they will create a glut in the mazuma market.

"John D., jr., consistently advised his class to give up. Then he in vited them to join his club. When they went around to see what he was giving up they found he had given up smoking. He doesn't like the smell of tobacco, anyhow. Being to some extent equipped with red blood, the members of the Rockefeller, jr., club joined organizations that keep open until 11 P. M. and don't require laughter at the founders' jokes,

"This young Rockefeller has no vices, good or bad. What he doesn't know about human nature is good and plenty. But he gets up every Sunday, and on other occasions when he can butt in, and tells people what they ought to do to be as good as he is. It never seems to occur to him that while most Americans would like to be as rich as he is few would like to feel the way he does about it."

"You seem to think," declared the Low-Brow, "that the American people have no use for a young millionaire who isn't a sport."

"Well," replied the High-Brow, "the American people certainly stand ready to tin-can any young millionaire who four flushes.

### PETIT LARCENY FOLKS

By Charles R. Barnes.

OISTER ELLA is a most impressive lady. You would say so if you saw her on the street; You would call her Montagu, instead of Grady, she's so haughty and imperatively neat. There's a certain New York culture in her make-up, From her shoe tips to the way she does her hair; When she passes all the Broadway loungers wake up For our Ella is a lady everywhere.

Her little brother works for Mr. Spender As an office boy, at just four bones a week; And as much as she can coax the kid to lend her She will blow for stuff to light a fading cheek; Then she makes her poor old mother wash the dishes And at the washboard rub her knuckles bare-How she slaves to meet her natty daughter's wishes! But our Ella is a lady everywhere,

And-

She steals away her tired dad's enjoyment Of the modest little home his means afford By her sneering at his poorly paid employment And her inroads on his rainy period hoard; Yes, her larceny is felt by every member Of the household, so the neighbors all declare But if you should hear their chatter, please remember That our Ella is a lady everywhere.

Remina Prinil

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

roux is page to Count Etienne de Mar, estranged thanks, for we never spoke a word of any fear.

Gilles and I. I trow mademoiselle knew well at income, is besteging Paris. The city is held throne, is besteging Paris. The city is held throne, is besteging Paris. The city is held enough, but she spoke no word either. She eague, under the Duke of Mayenne, St. Quentin payer faltered, never showed by so much as the eague, under the Duke of Mayenne. Quentin to Parks, naver faltered, never showed by so much as the turn of her head that she suspected any danger,

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### CHAPTER XXVIII.

St. Denis-and Navarre! T is of no consequence whether she be a servant or a duchess-has a mother or not. The point is whether these people have the lit was near an hour

"They have not," the captain answered at once. "I think you would do well, sir, to demand the lady's name."

Mademoiselle started forward for a bold stroke just as the superior officer demanded of her, "The As he said the word she procountersign? nounced distinctly her name: "Lorance"---

"Enough!" the colonel said instantly. "Pass them through, Guilbert." The young captain stood in a mull, but no more

"Mighty queer!" he muttered. "Why didn't she give it to me?" "Stir yourself, sir!" his superior gave sharp "They have the countersign; pass the street where monsieur could see us. command.

As the gates clanged into place behind us Gilles just from Paris, with news." stopped short in his tracks to say, as if addressing the darkness before him: "Am I, Gilles, awake or asleep? Are we in Paris or are we on the St. Denis road?"

"Oh, come, come!" Mademoiselle hastened us on, murmuring half to herself as we went: "O you kind saints! I saw he could not make us out for friends or foes; I thought my name might turn the scale. Mayenne always gives a name

and all and the callet of the bots. He opened to grave the design of the sold is tracted to the case of the condition that the case of the

but, eyes on the distant lights of St Den ight along, half a step ahead of us all the Stride as we might, we two strong fellows could never quite keep up with her.

The journey could not at such pace stretch out forever. Presently the distant lights were no longer distant, but near, nearer, close at hand the lights of the outposts of the camp. A sentinel started out from the coign of a wall to stop us, but when we had told our errand he became as friendly as a brother. He went across the road into a neighboring tournebride to report to the officer of the guard, and came back pr a torch and the order to take us to the Duke of

oint is whether these people have the If twas near an hour after midnight and St. If they have it they can pass, whoever they can pass, whoever they can be not? The captain answered at once. It was near an hour after midnight and St. Denis was in bed. Save for a drowsy patrol here and there we met no one. Fewer than the patrols were the lanterns hung on ropes across the street —these were the only rights, for the houses were one and all as dark as tombs. Not till we had reached the middle of the town did we see, in the second story of a house in the square, a beam of light shining through the shutter chink.
"Some one in mischief." Gilles pointed.

"Aye," laughed the sentry, "your duke. This is where he lodges, over the saddler's."

He knocked with the butt of his musket on the door. The shutter above creaked open, and a voice-monsleur's voice-asked, "Who's there?" Mademoiselle was concealed in the embrasure of the doorway: Gilles and I stepped back into 'Gilles Forestier and Felix Broux, monsieur,

"Is it all right, M. le Duc?" the sentry asked,

"Yes," monsieur answered, closing the shutter. The soldier, with another salute to the blank window and a nod of "Goodby, then," to us, went , to his post. Left in darkness, we presently heard monsieur's quick step on the flags of the hall and the clatter of the bolts. He opened to



### the wine to her lips, crumbling the biscuit into. The king, leaving his companion to close the bits with restless fingers, making the pretense of a meal serve as excuse for her silence. Monsieur "I am come to look after you. St. Quentin," he glanced at her, puzzled-wise, waiting for her to cried, laughing. "I cannot have my council broken speak. Had the Infanta Isabella come to visit up by pretty grisettes. The precedent is dangerhim he could not have been more surprised. It ous.

waited for her to explain her presence. I wanted to shake mademoiselle. With a dozen monsieur's puzzled, troubled countenance swift words, with a glance of her blue eyes, sho could sweep monsieur off his feet as she had his manner changed in an instant to one of utswept Vigo. And instead she sat there, not darmost deference. swept vigo. And instead sate sit there is the first transfer of the caught stealing in the begged, as if her appearance were the most natural and desirable from the teasing tongues at the Hotel de Lorraine, to plead for me, to lash Lucas, to move Mayenne himself; but she could not find one syllable for the Duke of St. Quentin. She had been lack no courtesy." to admiration the laughing coquette, the stout champion, the haughty great lady, the frank lover, to the king's. Into his countenance, which mirrored his recorded his recorde

mering, constrained. Had monsieur attacked her with blunt questions, had he demanded of her up and down what tainly; her eyes, anxious, eager, searched his face) had brought her this strange road at such amazing hour and in such unfitting company, she must needs have answered, and, once started, she would quickly have kindled her fire again. Had he, on other part, with a smile, an encouraging word, given her ever so little a push, she had gone on yours, mademoiselle." easily enough. But he did neither. He was courteous and cold. Partly was his coldness real; he could not look on her as other than the daughter of his enemy's house, ward of the man who had on schemed to kill him, will-o'-the-wisp who had lured his son to disaster. Partly was it mere absence; M. Etienne's plight was more to him than mademoiselle's. When she spoke not he turned impatiently to me.

"Tell me, Felix, all about it."

Before I could answer him the door behind us opened to admit two gentlemen, shoulder to shoulder. They were dressed much alike, plainly, in black. One was about thirty years of age, tall, thin-faced and dark, and of a gravity and dignity beyond his years. Living was serious business to old. His companion was some ten years older; his beard and curling hair, worn away from his forehead by the helmet's chafing, were already sprinkled with gray. He had a great beak of a She cou turn the scale. Mayenne always gives a name of the passage. It was just behind the sprinkled with gray. He had a great beak of a sprinkled with gray. He had a great beak of a sprinkled with gray. He had a great beak of a sance with a look out of the depths of her soul.

seemed to him discourteous to press her; he . With the liveliest curlosity and amusement he surveyed the top of mademoiselle's bent head and

but now she was the shy child, blushing, stam- rored his emotions like a glass, came a quick delight at the sight of her. The color waxed and waned in her cheeks; her breath fluttered uncer-

"I cry Your Majesty's good pardon," she fal-ered. "I had urgent business with M. de St. Quentin-I did not guess he was with Your Maj-"The king's business is glad to step aside for

She curtseyed, blushing, hiding her eyes under their sooty lashes; thinking as I did I made no doubt here was a king indeed. His Majesty went

"I can well believe, mademoiselle, 'tis no triffing matter brings you at midnight to our rough camp. We will not defay you further, but be at pains to remember that if in anything Henry of France can aid you he stands at your command."

He made a noble bow and took her hand to kiss, when she, like a child that sees itself losing a protector, clutched his hand in her little tremling fingers, her wet eyes fixed imploringly on his face. He beamed upon her; he felt no desire whatever to be gone.

"Am I to stay?" he asked radiantly; then with in; his eyes were thoughtful, steady and a little grave gentleness he added: "Mademoiselle is in trouble. Will she bring her trouble to the king? That is what a king is for-to ease his subjects'

She could not speak; she made him her obei-

"Then are you my subject, mademoiselle?" he She shook the tears from her lashes and found

"Sire, I was a true Ligueuse this morning. But

I came here half Navarraise, and now I swear I

"Now, that is good hearing!" the king cried. 'Such a recruit from Mayenne! Also is it heartening to discover that my conversion is not the only sudden one in the world. It has taken me five months to turn my coat, but here is made-

He had glanced over his shoulder to point this out to his gentleman, but now he faced about in time to catch his recruit looking triste again.
"Mademoiselle," he said, "you are beautiful

grave; but as you had the graciousness to show me just now, still more beautiful smiling. Now we are going to arrange matters so that you will smile always. Will you tell me what is the trou-



Madamoiselle swept a curtsey almost to the ground.

resolution to fight for our lives. We never came thwarter of her marriage. Proud and shy, she | Monsieur led her into a little square parlor at scarcely audible thanks, and sat, barely touching sieur a great man, but now I knew it

"The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston, author of "The Gambler," will follow "The Helmet of Navarre," on May 18. in The Evening World.